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MONDAY, MAY 19, 1919.

GIVE THE COLORED MAN JUSTICE

HERE IS A letter which The Times-Farmer has received. It is written by one whose heart beats for the colored race. The communication is a protest against the well known picture, "The Birth of a Nation." It is also a eulogy of the colored man, who deserves, it will be found, when the count is finished, all the good things that have been said about him. Here is the letter. It will repay a careful perusal.

For the last three weeks, evenings, when going home after the theatre let out I hear many comments on that so-called wonderful play, "The Birth of a Nation." Surely those who do so are not ones who know American History. The very first blood shed for this great Country's independence was that of a black man Christy Cato, whose statue stands on State St., Boston, Mass. In the war of 1812 we picture the great warrior, John Paul Jones, standing on his flag ship looking down on the body of Ben Doves, that black seaman. And there are the words of Mr. Jones, "This black man was a seaman and a warrior of the sea, and has died not knowing his value."

Dear readers, will you picture a people for two and a half centuries oppressed with slavery, deprived of all social and educational privileges, yet whose labor made possible the agricultural centers, and in many cases the commercial enterprises of this country. Draw a picture of those black men who protected their masters' homes while their masters were fighting to keep them slaves, while other black men stole their way to the Union soldiers to help them preserve the Union and not free the slaves altogether, but as the Union could not be united half free and half slave, slavery was abolished. Most historians know just after the Civil War that the carpet baggers of the South tried to put inexperienced negroes in office to make the North think they made a mistake by giving the negro his freedom. This is where Mr. Dixon writes that false play "The Birth of a Nation."

I ask the question, "Has any race in fifty years, under similar circumstances, shown the progress the negro has in this country or any other?" In business he shows ability, in education he shows the qualifications, in professions he proves himself a worthy master. Physically he holds his own wherever he is placed, and religiously he shows mankind that he loves his God. Do not these prove to the world that the negro is worthy of more than that picture of Mr. Dixon's play, "The Birth of a Nation?"

Call that Great American and friend of the negro from the reddened clay of Sagamore Hill, Theodore Roosevelt—ask him of the war of '98. If it were possible for his dead tongue to answer he would tell you of the 9th and 10th Cavalries of black soldiers who saved his life at San Juan hill, also tell you that it was through them the victory of that battle was won.

Last, but not least, in this great world's war that has just closed, has the negro not shown in every way his loyalty and patriotism in helping America to be a country to stand out as an example for coming generations? Does not the black boy sleep in Flanders' field as much any other? This being true, is it fair for the laws of this country or any other country to allow a picture to be shown representing the negro as Mr. Dixon does in that picture "The Birth of a Nation." I deem it unfair, and the work of the black man in this country unappreciated. Do you find the red flag among the negroes? Do you find Bolsheviki among the blacks? Or do you find a loyal, enthusiastic people? I am sure the latter will be found among the American negroes. All who commend Mr. Dixon's play "The Birth of a Nation" are people who do not know American History and would do well to study the same.

While congratulating the writer upon his splendid presentation of his case, yet it seems that perhaps he errs in two particulars. He does less than justice to the colored man as an American soldier. He places too much weight upon the things that are said about the colored man, which ridicule, or hold him up to less than respectful attention. In so far as plays like the Birth of a Nation are concerned; they will do the colored man no harm. Though the play much exaggerates the evil of the colored race during reconstruction days, it yet forms a background against which the thoughtful will see the colored man, not in a worse, but in a better light.

The days of reconstruction were not the first anarchy. Before the reconstruction of the South there was the French Revolution. Afterward came the great war, and the anarchy in Russia and throughout Central Europe.

In later days there will be pictures of Russians, showing how the Bolsheviki acted. There have been such pictures. The pictures will show some awful things; such as assassination, wholesale legal murder; women organized in regiments to carry on a war that the men were deserting; sections organized for the legal overthrow of marriage; all things which show man in his worst nature.

We suggest to the colored people that when these Bolsheviki pictures come along, they suggest that pictures like the Birth of a Nation be shown in the same places at the same time.

Let Americans in this way see the white man at his worst. Let Americans see the negro at his worst.

It is to the enduring credit of the colored race in the South that during the legal anarchy of the reconstruction period it never tried as a race to abolish marriage; never indulged in wholesale massacre; never in any numbers anywhere descended to the level of social infamy which the white man falls to when social authority is disorganized.

Viewed in its proper perspective the Birth of a Nation shows the negro as a pretty decent citizen.

(Continued in last two columns)

Sketches from Life :: By Temple



Pet of the Coop

THE GERMAN MENACE

By J. B. STERNDAL BENNET

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I spent the greater part of my captivity of nine months at the officers' prison camp at Schwedt, a small manufacturing town in Silesia not far from Breslau. With the exception of three weeks' comparative liberty granted after the armistice, and before we were repatriated, the whole of this time was spent behind the barbed wire, affording only very limited opportunities of studying either the conditions or methods of German commerce and industry. And yet those opportunities were not absent. We were able to buy every German newspaper, and thus keep constantly in touch with affairs. We constantly met Germans of all grades of society, and (especially during the brief period of liberty in December) were able to form a very clear idea of what Germany today is thinking and hoping for the future.

The Proposed Boycott

In the camp itself the German personal was almost entirely composed of business men of varying degrees. The commandant owned a sugar factory on the outskirts of the town, and after the revolution had discarded him on November 10 returned at once to civilian clothes and the control of his business. The interpreters (in the German Army they hold the rank of sergeant) had both been employed in America, one as a traveler for a German firm, the other in a house of business in the United States. Our Sanitary Sergeant had spent a year before the war in a German firm in Manchester, and had lived so closely in the German colony there that he had learned no English. Amongst the sentries we met Germans of all stations, from the managing director of a steel factory (who would willingly exchange his best razors for a small piece of soap or a packet of cocoa) to merchant seamen with affectionate recollections of Leith and Hull, and small merchants who had traded with England in such commodities as tea and cotton goods.

Among these various and typical business Germans one recognized a common faith that as soon as the war was over they would regain their English markets. I have constantly questioned Germans on the subject, and have always received the same answer. They rejected utterly the idea of a commercial boycott after the war. They failed completely to realize the world's attitude towards Germany. The interpreters entertained no question that they would be admitted into America again, and roundly declared this to be the reason of their ambitions. All whom I asked: "Are you coming to England after the war?" whether their reply was "Yes" or "No" had not the smallest doubt that such an emigration would again be possible and profitable.

The Official Mind

Before I leave this question of commercial boycott it is only fair to say that in the official mind one noticed considerable doubts and fears on the subject. The papers have for the past months given great prominence to the question, and the smallest sympathetic pronouncement from England or America has been vigorously displayed. The German people have been told that such a measure is impossible, and an idea conceived in French and English councils of hate, which Wilson will not tolerate nor their smug enemies countenance. Every good German believes what he is told to believe, and it is a part of his curious psychological training that this does not prevent him reserving a detached opinion of his own beliefs.

A phrase which illuminates this double mind is one I have heard used about their cumulative defeats in the summer and the sufferings through the blockade—"One thing written and the other spoken." Even the humblest German has a share in the official mind, and while he sometimes identifies himself with it completely, one is occasionally

able to detect the dividing line between the spoken and the written word. Therefore, I suspect that behind their apparent confidence there is insinuated a misgiving which is growing daily.

One thing remains to be said. The average German has no conception of any guilt attaching to him in making or the methods of the war.

Often it was said to us prisoners after the armistice and the revolution, "We have done everything you asked. We have abandoned Kaiserdom, Prussianism, and Militarism. Yet you will not be friends again. We reminded them of Belgium. 'It was necessary.' Of the 'Lusitania.' Our starving women and children besides that many of them have already died of starvation." For what it is worth, this point would be borne in mind. It explains a good deal. The average non-German has forgotten.

The Internal Situation

No consideration of Germany's commercial or industrial outlook would be of value that did not take into account the internal condition of Germany at present. This has been fully enough dealt with in the Press to remove any need for detail on the subject, but the devastating success of the British blockade must be clearly borne in mind in any proper understanding of the subject. In the small and prosperous town we knew we grew accustomed to shops which contained paper boots with wooden soles and every form of 'substitute' from imitation coffee to imitation bootlaces, to streets swarming with shoeless children, to soldiers with variegated and patched uniforms, to every form of shift and device to meet the impossible situation. How impossible perhaps, we were better able to judge than the war correspondent or the occupying officer, who sees only the most prosperous side of life in the bigger towns.

The moral of this I believe, that for some years to come all available energy in Germany will be occupied in repairing the war damage done to her own people. Her needs in the way of leather and dry goods will be enormous and whenever and from wherever she can obtain raw materials, every factory in the country will be busy for years repairing internal wastage.

Until this is done it would be fundamentally impossible for her under the most advantageous conditions of trade to enter into serious competition in world markets. The fact is very much overlooked by many Germans. Further, it is inconceivable that Germany has large stocks of goods to dump abroad when for three years her own people have been crying out for the essential manufactures and have been prevented from manufacturing luxuries. The only dumping that Germany will attempt is a dumping of cheap jack goods and cheap labor.

The Menace of Immigration

Both these I believe to be a serious menace, the last far more serious than the first. There are today in Germany thousands of men who have lived for the past four years a life of enforced militarism, conscription unfortified by even the barest luxuries of existence. The new Germany, beaten and dishonored offers no future to them that contains anything but the hardships and suffering of the past four years. I believe that many of them, if they are not prevented, will strenuously strive to enter even enemy countries where food is more plentiful and the conditions of life far easier. They will come offering their labor as they did in the past, at a far cheaper rate than the ordinary British or American standard, unless some far-reaching legislation is introduced to prevent the influx. The undercutting of wages by cheap German labor is a menace which, remote as it seems today, may very easily become real in two or three years' time.

FIREMEN'S CONVENTION.

Watertown, May 19.—A call for the 35th annual convention of the Connecticut State Firemen's Association at Wentworth hall, Chapel street, New Haven, on Sept. 3 and 4, was issued today by Robert V. Magee, secretary. The association goes to New Haven this year at invitation of Chief Fancher.

Another performer to meet with an accident on the training track at Belmont Park was Wilfred Vian's Westy Hogan, who pulled up lame after working.

LOOKING BACK 50 YEARS

(From The Farmer, Monday, May 19, 1869)

The sloop "Mary" which left here a few days since under sealed orders, had to put into Norwalk, the crew having mutinied.

The city churches were well filled yesterday, Trinity Sunday.

The senior takes this opportunity to return his thanks to Mrs. Nathaniel Wheeler for the present of a Beautiful Chinese Salver—the only article that remained unsold, out of the large assortment at her table.

Some idea of the extensive demand for nails in this city may be formed by the large receipt of T. Hawley & Co. of the celebrated Parker Nails, they having received 1,000 kegs in the last few weeks, which they dispose as fast almost as they receive them.

The walks at Seaside Park and the water scenery there presented were enjoyed by many at various times during the day yesterday. This has already become the most frequented and popular part of the city. Newport has no spot that surpasses it, and in a few years, for sunshine and shade, in connection with its water views, it will be without an equal in New England.

The Arcade Billiard hall, next the post office, will be opened tonight under the able superintendence of the justly popular Frank Roach; let him have a rouser. Several scientific players from New York will be on hand to exhibit their skill in handling the cue. The hall has been entirely renovated, and the five tables cut down to Western size.

The enterprising newspaper and periodical man, H. G. Husted, has started a novel description of velocipede by which he delivers his papers. It consists of one wheel only—is very simple in construction and effective in action.

Why is a locomotive easily controlled by a switch? Because it has a tender behind.

The new pantomime of "Hickory Dickory Dock," is taking the place of "Humpty Dumpty" at the Olympic theatre, New York.

A man from the country invested five cents in the purchase of an orange, and preparatory to getting himself outside of it, threw the peel on the sidewalk. Soon after a young woman came along, slipped upon the peel, and fell, breaking her leg. The woman was to have been married the next day but wasn't. The man who was to marry her had to come from St. Paul, Minn., and was obliged to return, on account of business, to await the recovery of the girl. On his way back he unfortunately took a train on the Erie railroad, which ran off the track and his shoulder blade was broken, forcing him to stop at Dunkirk for repairs. The Insurance company in which he was insured, had to pay \$250 in weekly installments before he recovered. On getting back to St. Paul he found that his forced absence had upset a business arrangement which he had expected to complete, at a pecuniary loss to him of \$5,000. Meantime the injured girl suffered a relapse, which so enfeebled her health that her marriage was delayed, which had a bad effect on the young man, and he finally broke the engagement and married a widow in Minnesota with four small children. This so worked on the mind of the girl, that she is now in the insane asylum in Middletown. Her father enraged at the conduct of the young man, brought suit for breach of promise, and has just recovered \$10,000. The anxiety and expense of the whole matter has been enormous as any one can see. Similar cases are likely to occur as long as people will persist in throwing orange peel around loose.

A HORSESHOE FOR LUCK.

Today is the festival of St. Dunstan, a tenth century Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom the English attribute the enshrinement of the horseshoe as a symbol of good fortune. For centuries St. Dunstan's Day, the nineteenth of May, was celebrated by the blacksmiths and farriers of England in honor of the saint. The smiths organized the most remarkable of the head of which they carried great floral horseshoes. Up to within a century ago there were many women blacksmiths in England. These brawny feminine vulcanizers toiled hard, forged stripped naked to the waist, and in a similar state of undress they marched in the procession on the day dedicated to St. Dunstan. The French also attribute occult and magic powers to the horseshoe, but with them it is the emblem, not of St. Dunstan, but of St. Eloy, the patron saint of French farriers.

The biography of St. Dunstan, the patron of smiths and farriers, as set forth in monkish legends, is most remarkable and romantic. He was of noble birth, and received an excellent education, becoming a young man of brilliant parts. At the court of Athelstan he was for a time a favorite, but at length his tricks of "parlor magic," in which he was an adept, resulted in his being driven from the court, and great indignities were heaped upon him in the belief that he was a wizard who had sold his soul to the devil. He was madly in love with a fair maiden at court, and his heart was broken by the enforced separation.

The young man sought refuge with his uncle, Elphege the Bald, Bishop of Winchester, and was induced to enter the service of the church as a monk. Finding that the monastic garb effected no immediate change

in his character, Dunstan determined to subject his body to the stern regimen of an anchorite. He set up a forge in a little roadside cell, and toiled early and late as a blacksmith. In spite of toil and fasting the old worldly desires tormented him. On one occasion the devil visited him in the form of a beautiful woman, and Dunstan was sorely tempted, but he bore it until the pliers were red hot, when he used the instrument to seize his fair, false visitors by the nose, at which she fled away shrieking in pain. On another occasion, the devil, in his proper form, stopped at Dunstan's forge and demanded that the pious smith put a shoe on his cloven hoof. Dunstan made the process very painful and would not release his visitor until Satan had promised that he would never enter a house which had a horseshoe nailed to the door. Ever since then the belief has been prevalent that the Horseshoe is a charm against the Evil One—although much confidence is based on faith in the Devil as a gentleman who respects pledges even when wrung from him by torture.

GOV. STANLEY RESIGNS.

Frankfort, Ky., May 13.—Governor Stanley yesterday filed his resignation and left for Washington to take the oath of Senator from Kentucky in succession to the late Ollie M. James. Lieutenant-Governor Black will assume the duties of Governor this noon, when the resignation of his predecessor will be entered in the executive journal.

A single bass on balls, stolen bass and error save Pittsfield two runs in the seventh inning. No trouble was encountered retreating the spawny in the ninth frame.

(Continued from first two columns)

History is this way; It must show what happened; man at his best and man at his worst.

Men must not be sensitive about history. The delinquencies of the dead do not blench the living; only the faults of the living can blench them.

The colored man must not feel sensitive about the things that slander him. If the truth is in the picture, the truth helps him. If the picture slanders him, he obtains the sympathy of others.

We hope this editorial will help a little. Bridgeport has a negro population, useful, worthy and industrious. It will well to understand this population; to aid it on the upward and all that. A good way to aid the colored people in Bridgeport will be to find them decent houses to live in. It was a curious thing, would it not, if, as a result of a picture that slandered the colored people, some of them were aided with better homes to live in.

Aldermen Will Dine

At Greenlawn, May 21

Wednesday evening, May 21, is the big night for the Bridgeport Board of Aldermen and a host of their friends. On that night the annual Aldermanic dinner will be held at the Greenlawn Country club, starting promptly at 7:30 o'clock, and Alderman Edward Hamilton, who is chairman of the banquet committee, promises that the

affair will be the best ever.

Theatrical talent has been arranged for and the artists will visit the diners at various hours during the evening, depending on the time they complete their performance at the local theaters. In addition to this, several New York stars may appear.

Music will be furnished and a fine meal is promised. Mayor Clifford B. Wilson will be toastmaster, and it is understood he will call on most of the aldermen for short addresses in addition to several prominent Bridgeporters who will attend.